

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

VOL. XXXV

APRIL, 1927

No. 10

Publication office Concord, N. H. Monthly, except August: 50 cents a year. Single copy, 5 cents

Check, post-office order, or stamps should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 16 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

Entered as second-class matter at the post-office at Concord, N. H.

"Acceptance for mailing at the special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized July 17, 1922."

IN JERUSALEM—AT THE SCENE OF THE FIRST EASTER

(As told by Dr. Henry VanDyke in his book, "Out-of-Doors in the Holy Land.")

"We ought to go again to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre," said the Lady in a voice of dutiful reminder; "we have not half seen it." So we went down to the heart of Jerusalem and entered the labyrinthine shrine.

The motley crowd in the paved quadrangle in front of the double-arched doorway were buying and selling, bickering and chaffering and chattering as usual. Within the portal, on a slightly raised platform to the left, the Turkish guardians of the holy places and keepers of the peace between Christians were seated among their rugs and cushions, impassive, indolent, dignified, drinking their coffee or smoking their tobacco, conversing gravely or counting the amber beads of their comboloios. The Sultan owns the Holy Sepulchre; but he is a liberal host and permits all factions of Christendom to visit it and celebrate their rites in turn, provided only they do not beat or kill one another in their devotions. We saw his silent sentinels of tolerance scattered in every part of the vast, confused edifice.

The interior was dim and shadowy. Opposite the entrance was the Stone of Unction, a marble slab on which it is said the body of Christ was anointed when it was taken down from the cross. Pilgrim after pilgrim came kneeling to this stone, and bending to kiss it, beneath the Latin, Greek, Armenian and Coptic lamps which hang above it by silver chains.

The Chapel of the Crucifixion was on our right, above us, in the second story of the church. We climbed the steep flight of stairs and stood in a little room, close, obscure, crowded with lamps and icons and candelabra, incrustured with ornaments of gold and silver, full of strange odors and glimmerings of mystic light. There,

they told us, in front of that rich altar was the silver star which marked the place in the rock where the Holy Cross stood. And on either side of it were the sockets which received the crosses of the two thieves. And a few feet away, covered by a brass slide, was the cleft in the rock which was made by the earthquake. It was lined with slabs of reddish marble and looked nearly a foot deep.

Priests in black robes and tall, cylindrical hats, and others with brown robes, rope girdles and tonsured heads, were coming and going around us. Pilgrims were climbing and descending the stairs, kneeling and murmuring unintelligible devotions, kissing the star and the cleft in the rock and the icons. Underneath us, though we were supposed to stand on the hill called Golgotha, were the offices of the Greek clergy and the Chapel of Adam.

We went around from chapel to chapel: into the opulent Greek cathedral, where they show the "Centre of the World"; into the bare little Chapel of the Syrians, where they show the tombs of Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea; into the Chapel of the Apparition, where the Franciscans say that Christ appeared to His mother after the resurrection. There was sweet singing in this chapel and a fragrant smell of incense. We went into the Chapel of Saint Helena, underground, which belongs to the Greeks; into the Chapel of the Parting of the Raiment, which belongs to the Armenians. We were impartial in our visitation, but we did not have time to see the Abyssinian Chapel, the Coptic Chapel of Saint Michael, nor the Church of Abraham, where the Anglicans are allowed to celebrate the Eucharist twice a month.

The centre of all this maze of creeds, ceremonies and devotions is the Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre, a little edifice of precious marbles,

carved and gilded, standing beneath the great dome of the church, in the middle of a rotunda surrounded by marble pillars. We bought and lighted our waxen tapers, and waited for a lull in the stream of pilgrims to enter the shrine. First we stood in the vestibule with its tall candelabra; then in the Angels' Chapel, with its fifteen swinging lamps, making darkness visible; then, stooping through a low doorway, we came into the tiny chamber, six feet square, which is said to contain the rock-hewn tomb in which the Saviour of the World was buried.

Mass is celebrated here daily by different Christian sects. Pilgrims, rich and poor, come hither from all parts of the habitable globe. They kneel beneath the three-and-forty pendent lamps of gold and silver. They kiss the worn slab of marble which covers the tombstone, some of them smiling with joy, some of them weeping bitterly, some of them with quiet, business-like devotion, as if they were performing a duty. The priest of their faith blesses them, sprinkles the relics which they lay on the altar with holy water, and one by one the pilgrims retire backward through the low portal.

I saw a Russian peasant, sad-eyed, wrinkled, bent with many sorrows, lay his cheek silently on the tombstone with a look on his face as if he were a child leaning against his mother's breast. I saw a little bare-foot boy of Jerusalem, with big, serious eyes, come quickly in, and try to kiss the stone; but it was too high for him, so he kissed his hand and laid it upon the altar. I saw a young nun, hardly more than a girl, slender, pale, dark-eyed, with a noble Italian face, shaken with sobs, the tears running down her cheeks, as she bent to touch her lips to the resting-place of the Friend of Sinners.

This, then, is the way in which the craving for penitence, for reverence, for devotion, for some utterance of the nameless thirst and passion of the soul leads these pilgrims. This is the form in which the divine mystery of sacrificial sorrow and death appeals to them, speaks to their hearts and comforts them.

Could any Christian of whatever creed, could any son of woman with a heart to feel the trouble and longing of humanity, turn his back upon that altar? Must I not go away from that mysterious little room as the others had gone, with my face toward the stone of remembrance, stooping through the lowly door?

And yet—and yet in my deepest heart I was thirsty for the open air, the blue sky, the pure sunlight, the tranquillity of large and silent spaces.

The Lady went with me across the crowded quadrangle into the cool, clean, quiet German Church of the Redeemer. We climbed to the top of the lofty bell tower.

Jerusalem lay at our feet, with its network of streets and lanes, archways and convent walls,

domes small and great—the black Dome of the Rock in the centre of its wide inclosure, the red dome and the green dome of the Jewish synagogues on Mount Zion, the seven gilded domes of the Russian Church of Saint Mary Magdalen, a hundred tiny domes of dwelling-houses, and right in front of us the yellow dome of the Greek "Centre of the World," and the black dome of the Holy Sepulchre.

The quadrangle was still full of people buying and selling, but the murmur of their voices was faint and far away, less loud than the twittering of the thousands of swallows that soared and circled, with glistening of innumerable blue-black wings and soft sheen of white breasts, in the tender light of sunset above the façade of the gray old church.

Westward the long ridge of Olivet was bathed in the rays of the declining sun.

Northward, beyond the city gate, the light fell softly on a little rocky hill, shaped like a skull, the ancient place of stoning for those whom the cruel city had despised and rejected and cast out. At the foot of that eminence there is a quiet garden and a tomb hewn in the rock. Rosemary and rue grow there, roses and lilies; birds sing among the trees. Is not that little rounded hill, still touched with the free light of heaven, still commanding a clear outlook over the city to the Mount of Olives—is not that the true Golgotha, where Christ was lifted up?

As we were thinking of this we saw a man come out on the roof of the Greek "Centre of the World," and climb by a ladder up the side of the huge dome. He went slowly and carefully, yet with confidence, as if the task were familiar. He carried a lantern in one hand. He was going to the top of the dome to light up the great cross for the night. We spoke no word, but each knew the thought that was in the other's heart.

Wherever the crucifixion took place, it was surely in the open air, beneath the wide sky, and the cross that stood on Golgotha has become the light at the centre of the world's night.

TURKISH WOMEN AT SCHOOL

TURKISH women are to be compelled to attend school. This is the news from Turkey, where the Government is doing all it can to introduce modern ideas into a backward country. Public schools for women are to be opened throughout the country, and these the Turkish women must attend in order to receive the elements of an education. It is said that this order will also compel thousands of the nomad women of the eastern provinces to attend school.

At the same time the Government is establishing women's clubs in its efforts to introduce modern ideas, among them the wearing of hats instead of veils.—*Clipped.*

WITH OUR HOME-KEEPERS

FAVORITE RECIPES

Tomato Sauce.—2 tablespoons liquid fat, 2 tablespoons sifted flour, 1 cup strained tomato juice, few grains soda, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, pepper and onion juice to taste. Heat fat, add flour and stir until smooth. Add soda and tomato juice. Add onion and seasoning. Cook until thick, stirring constantly.

Fried Hominy.—Cook as for breakfast hominy, adding 1 tablespoon cornstarch to each pint mush. Pour into baking powder tins, rinsed in cold water. When set, slice $\frac{3}{4}$ inch thick. Roll in flour and saute in hot fat.

Nut Bread.—Four cupfuls flour; 4 teaspoonfuls of baking powder; 1 teaspoonful of salt; $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of sugar; 1 cupful of walnut meats broken in small pieces or chopped if preferred; 2 eggs beaten light, 2 cupfuls of milk. Let it rise $\frac{1}{2}$ hour and then bake in a moderate oven.

Corn Pudding.—2 eggs, 4 cups canned corn, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch of pepper, 1 cup milk, 2 tablespoons melted butter. Mix corn with dry ingredients, add egg yolks, milk and melted butter. Fold in whites. Bake in a buttered dish, set in water, until knife, when inserted, comes out clean.

Rice Croquettes.— $\frac{1}{2}$ cup rice, 1 pint milk, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg beaten, 1 tablespoon cooking oil, 1 pinch salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon, or $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla. Cook rice in milk until done, and dry. Add remaining ingredients and shape into balls or cones. Roll alternately in egg, crumbs and egg, then fry to a golden brown in deep oil at 375 degrees F.

HANDY HINTS

To remove red ink stains from table linen spread freshly made mustard over the spots and leave for half an hour. Then sponge off and all trace of the ink will have disappeared.

To obtain best results when ironing, cover ironing board with cheap cotton batting and then with any white cotton cloth you have. Tack smoothly and tightly to edge of board.

To peel oranges easily, pour boiling water over them and let stand for five minutes; the white lining will come away with the skin. Then slice them and put in the icebox to cool. Never let oranges stand long after slicing as they become bitter. Grapefruit can also be peeled easily in this way.

To wash lace, squeeze it first in hot soapy water, then in cold. Dip it in milk to stiffen it, and press on a well-padded board, on the wrong side, with a fairly hot iron. Rinsing lace in skimmed milk instead of bluing water leaves it soft and creamy. For best results put tissue paper over it before pressing.

To clean brassware, rub with a soft, clean cloth dipped in fine ashes. The brass will look like gold.

A damp cloth and ashes will also remove stains from tinware, agateware and crockery.

Keep a bottle of ashes that have been run through a flour sieve near the kitchen sink.

In selecting a chicken feel the breast bone. It ought to be quite soft, smooth and easily bent. If it feels like gristle, the bird is young, but if bone-like, then the chicken is old and will be tough.

There is no calm like that when storm is done,

There is no pleasure keen as pain's release:

There is no joy that lies so deep as peace,

No peace so deep as that by struggle won.

—Helen Gray Cone.

PUSSYWILLOWS

Is it a symbol of spring, or frost upon the winter branches? From a distance up the lane it seems to be fluttering of gray snow when the wind whistles. But no, the tapering branches bend gracefully beneath amethystine clusters, and play notes as sweet as violin music with the cargo of willow blossoms.

They are the first pussywillows—a soft gray bloom spread over streets and fields of Seattle's Beacon Hill. Little dark pods have burst from the resurgent patches of soft down, like the fur of Angora kittens, which give to landscape and road a mottled glance of spring.

Pussywillows are the first lamps lighted in Seattle, ere the crocus flames, and torches and tapers are lit on tree and hillside, in street, woodlands and gardens. Through rain-washed days they peep as rents in the opalescent background, they are tiny clearings in the mist, these little packs of cotton-wool that float over the brush in glen and coppice with a filigree of stark but shapely branches.

How quickly spring comes to Seattle. It is a prank young January plays, to don these gifts of springtime so early in the new year, and strew the walks and lanes with harbingers of March and April elsewhere. The lad January is lavish with the willow blossoms where winter means but gentle rain and very little snow; often none at all.

They seem to announce, as the fur-clad branches salaam, the first coy step of Spring, her reconnaissance. Of course, there may be many hasty retreats, a venturing-in, a sortie, and an exit anew, ere spring comes to stay; to bring a bevy of her handmaidens, her trousseau of spring frocks to hang upon the trees, her millinery, and her many mirrors which reflect the annual glory of her beauty.—*Clipped.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. Henry R. Austin, 100 Elm Ave., Wollaston, Mass.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card asking "Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Austin, saying that you have sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send those to the Book Club to be printed here.

SPECIAL NOTICES

It will greatly aid those who are sending books, magazines, cards, and so forth, if all our correspondents who send requests for their children will take pains to mention their names and ages. Lacking such information, one is likely to make mistakes; for a boy of twelve and a girl of seven are not usually interested in the same things.

When requesting books for the first time, correspondents should always give, as reference, the name and address of their clergyman.

When correspondents move to a new address, notice should be sent either to our headquarters, 16 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., or to those persons who have been sending books and magazines.

It is necessary to state positively that the Cheerful Letter Exchange is not a "clothing bureau" and not a "charitable" society in the usual sense of the word. We do not undertake to send correspondents money, clothing or household goods. Letters asking for that sort of assistance cannot receive attention. Letters not signed cannot be printed.

Many people do care for just the kind of friendly service for which we are organized. We limit our efforts to them and their wishes.

Those who enjoy receiving books and magazines are asked to remember that they, in their turn, can give much pleasure if they will take pains to write to the persons who send such reading matter. In cases where no word of response goes back—not even to say that the books or magazines were received—senders may suppose the parcels were not welcome. Let us each do our share.

Only books of an instructive or wholesomely amusing character should be offered. Classics, educational works, and standard novels and magazines are always acceptable.

REQUESTS

1. I wish to say again I'll be so very glad for books and magazines, or any good reading, but books preferred. Mrs. Charles Vaughn, Brush Creek, Athens, Tenn., R. 1.

2. Mrs. J. O. Powers of Brandon, N. C., would be pleased to receive any kind of reading, and she especially wishes cards for her little girl.

3. Mrs. Annie Thompson, Farmville, Va., R. 5, care of Mrs. J. W. Simpson, asks for reading for herself and husband. The *Saturday Evening Post* and *Ladies' Home Journal* would be very much appreciated.

4. Margaret Huddleston of Farmville, Va., asks for the following books: "The Bobbsey Twins in the Country," "The Bobbsey Twins in the Great West," the Bedtime Stories by Burgess, and any of the Bunny Brown Series.

5. Miss Missouri Stone of Sanville, Va., R. F. D., is 65 years old and much afflicted with rheumatism. She would like to receive sewing material, thread, cards or pictures of interest.

6. I am a young girl. My father is dead and

mother is a poor widow. I would be glad if some of the members would send me crochet thread. I love to do fancy work, but cannot buy the thread. Miss V. G. Powers, Sturgills, N. C.

7. Mr. Milton Duggan, Ironsburg, Tenn., is a man 68 years of age, living in the mountains of East Tennessee all alone since his wife passed away last fall. He is very lonely and would appreciate any kind of reading material from the *Cheerful Letter* friends, such as books, magazines, cards, etc.

8. I am a young married woman with two small children,—a boy, four years, and a baby girl, fifteen months old. I would be glad to get good books and magazines to read, and cards for the boy, or story books to read to him. I am alone most of the time, and get lonesome. Anything will be welcome that you send, as reading is scarce here. (Mrs.) Pearl Hurley, Grassy Creek, N. C., R. F. D. 2.

9. May I request, through the *Cheerful Letter*, that someone please send me a book or two, also magazines or any reading matter?

My husband has tuberculosis and is unable to

work. He would enjoy the *Western Story Magazine*, *Ace High Magazine*, *American Magazine*, or any good Western stories or books.

Our pastor is Rev. Hester, Dustin, Okla.

I should like the *Woman's Home Companion* and the *Ladies' Home Journal* for myself, and the *Youth's Companion* for my little daughter. I shall be very grateful for any of these. Mrs. Jeff H. Standridge, Lamar, Okla., R. 2.

10. I wish to thank all the kind people who have sent me things in the past, and wish to be remembered again.

I would be very glad, indeed, to receive the *Cheerful Letter*, *Saturday Evening Post*, and any kind of good books and novels; also the *Ladies' Home Journal* and the *Household Journal*. Would also appreciate odds and ends of fancy work and design for embroidering, embroidery thread and transfer patterns.

I would like so much to get flower seeds or bulbs, for I do so love flowers to have to carry to church, or to friends that are unable to get out and see pretty flowers. Miss Margaret Hill, Lamsonville, N. C.

11. I want to thank all the kind ladies, through the *Cheerful Letter*, who have remembered me and my little ones with the nice reading and good things to enjoy. I surely feel very grateful to all, and still hope to be remembered in the future, as I am confined very much with an afflicted husband. Any kind of cheer will be much appreciated. Mrs. John Howell, Silas Creek, N. C.

12. I am a girl of 14 years and my father was in the hospital four years ago, and has never got well. My mother is not strong, and we children have a hard time. There are six of us. I would be glad for any reading matter, or quilt scraps for my mamma. Thanking you in advance, Yours truly, Miss Lucy Hart, Greencove, Va.

13. *Cheerful Letter friends*: I have received things from you, and thank you so much for them, as they were a great help.

I have had seven children, and six are living. My baby is three years old. We have had a good deal of sickness this winter, and I am not very strong. I will appreciate anything you will send me. Mrs. J. W. Thompson, Sturgills, N. C.

14. Mrs. Ada C. Elliot of Apple Grove, N. C., and her little seven-year-old daughter, live far out in the country. As Mrs. Elliot is in poor health she cannot go to church, so she asks especially for religious reading; also suitable reading for her little girl or any bits of sewing material. Anything in the way of cheer would be gratefully received.

15. I have moved from Tuckerdale, N. C., to the address I am giving below, and I hope the dear *Cheerful Letter* friends will remember me. I would like to get some papers to read, or some quilt pieces.

My baby is 19 months old; her name is Edith. Anything to amuse her will be appreciated. Thanking you many times for your kindness, Mrs. L. S. Howell, Sturgills, N. C.

16. Miss Stella Parsons of Grassy Creek, N. C., sends her thanks for magazines received from the *Cheerful Letter* Exchange. She hopes to receive more reading matter, and would also enjoy crochet thread and sewing material.

17. I would be glad to get papers to read, to help pass the time for myself and mother and boys. We would be glad to get some sewing material of any kind, for patch work, also bits of thread for embroidery, if it is not asking too much. I would appreciate anything sent us. We live in an out-of-the-way place, and get very lonesome. It has been so long since I wrote asking for anything that I will send as reference C. C. McClurd, Athlone, N. C. My address is Mrs. Angie Banks, Athlone, N. C.

18. *Dear Cheerful Letter friends*: I am very glad of the book someone sent me Christmas, and also the *Cheerful Letter* paper. I sure am proud of that, and I will ask for some book or magazine of any kind for me and the children.

May God bless you all. Mrs. Maggie Shropshire, Stonesville, N. C., R. 1.

19. I would appreciate any kind of cards or pictures, or anything to interest my children,—Minnie, aged seven; Mildred, aged five; and Bernard, aged ten months. I would appreciate any scraps of crochet thread or embroidery thread. Mrs. R. C. Johnson, Chilhowie, Va., Star Route.

20. I would love to have *Comfort* or *Good Housekeeping*,—if a year or two old it would not matter,—and the latest "Tish" book by Rinehart. I have read "Tish" and "More Tish," but there is one later yet I so much want. Also, I love to embroider, and would appreciate fast color silks to use. I do not like to use white—I like the variety of colors. If you can help me to the above I shall be grateful. I take this opportunity of thanking everyone who has sent me reading in the past. Mrs. Cora A. Hoskinson, Three Rivers, Mich., R. 5.

21. I am a poor woman 63 years old, and unable to work. My husband is almost an invalid, 60 years old. I am fond of reading, but do not have money to buy reading material. I would be glad of magazines, to pass away the time. We have a hard struggle to live. Mrs. Nan Adams, Lansing, N. C.

22. I am a little 12-year-old girl. I live a long ways from church and school. My father has been in the hospital for nearly ten months, and we miss him so much. I have one brother, aged 10, named Henry Lewis, and three little sisters, Dora May, aged 6, Inice Gay, aged 4, and a baby sister, Agnes Lena, aged 10 months, and my Mother, aged 29. We get awfully lonesome. I

would be very thankful for books or magazines to read, if anyone has any they have looked over. Thank you in advance, very much. Beadie Rorrer, Stuart, Va., R. 5, Box 56.

23. I am a poor woman and work hard. I would be glad of books, magazines, or anything to cheer a woman with two little girls: Gracy, aged 4, and Violet, aged 2. Would be glad for some pictures for them. I am sending for reference Dr. J. H. Ellington, Sandy Ridge, N.C. Ora V. Shelton, Lawsonville, N. C.

24. Miss Helen Johnson of Pedlar Mills, Va., sends thanks to all who recently sent books to her.

25. Mrs. Belle Mason of Rupert, Ark., has a little daughter afflicted with epilepsy. She would greatly appreciate any little cheer the *Cheerful Letter* people might send her to make this daughter's life a little happier.

26. Mrs. W. W. Motley of Keysville, Va., R. 3, writes: "I am living on a farm and get very lonely. My husband is ill, and we have six small children. I would be very grateful for any reading matter, especially magazines. Thank you in advance for anything you can send to me."

27. Miss Ophelia Collins of Tolar, Texas, has married, and her name now is Mrs. Willis Farless. She lives at Post, Texas. She is very lonely in her new home, having no acquaintances. She is hoping that the *Cheerful Letter* people will remember her and send her magazines, sewing material, or any good cheer.

28. I am a girl who lives in the mountains, eleven miles from town. I would be glad to get papers or magazines, and also would like to get quilt scraps of any kind. For reference I refer you to Rev. I. J. Freeman, Tellico Plains, Tenn., R. F. D. 1. Yours truly, Lillie A. Jones, Tellico Plains, Tenn, Star Route.

29. I am a young girl 16 years old, and have had to stop going to school on the account of my mother's illness. I have a hard time. I would like to receive some books and magazines to read from the *Cheerful Letter* friends, also some bits of crochet cotton. I hope I may hear from some of you friends soon. As reference, Rev. J. M. Neaves, Crumpler, N. C. Miss Mary L. Phipps, Crumpler, N. C., Star Route.

30. I am a mother of six children, and an invalid. All my children are married but one girl, and I get lonesome. I wish someone would send me some good reading for myself and for my girl, or bits of embroidery or crochet thread. Now I hope I have not asked too much. May God bless you all. (Mrs.) Tom Saunders, Tellico Plains, Tenn.

31. Miss Mary Gilbert, Sandidges, Va., R. 2, Box 34, has recently lost her mother. Her life is very lonely. She has to be housekeeper for her father and brother, whose work takes them away all day. She would appreciate magazines, books,

sewing material, embroidery patterns and thread, or any good cheer.

32. I am a married woman, 38 years old. I have five children; three of them go to school every day. The oldest one is a girl 12 years old; the next one a girl, 11, and a little boy, 9.

The two little ones at home are a girl and boy; the girl is 4½ years old and the boy almost 2.

I have to work very hard in order to send the children to school. So if you would send us some story books we would appreciate them. The two little ones would like some cards or paper dolls. (Mrs.) Ada Miller, Clifton, N. C.

33. I would appreciate reading matter, and any cheer that you could help me to get will be appreciated. I have a large family of children, eight little fellows to look after and clothe. My husband cut his leg with an ax in September, and it has not healed up yet. He is not able to work any now; he can hardly walk. Mrs. Maggie Richardson, Brandon, Ashe County, N. C.

34. Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Thompson of Concord Depot, Va., are young married people, and they ask the *Cheerful Letter* friends for books, magazines, or any good literature.

35. I am writing to thank the dear *Cheerful Letter* friends for all the nice Christmas presents, cards, picture books, and toys for the children. The children were so delighted with all the things they got, and I certainly do appreciate your kindness. I would like to write every one and thank them personally, but as some did not have any names, only "from *Cheerful Letter* friends," I am writing to all. I hope my letter will be printed, so all will see I have not forgotten a single one's kindness. I pray God's greatest blessing may rest on every one of you for your good works, for your kindness to me shall never be forgotten. Mrs. Lee M. Kilby, Rugby, Va., R. F. D. 1.

36. I am an old member of the *Cheerful Letter* Exchange, and receive the *Cheerful Letter* each month, which I enjoy reading very much. I will be 65 years old May 16th. My husband is 74 years old. We are both very feeble. I suffer from rheumatism, and my husband has heart trouble. I feel grateful to the kind *Cheerful Letter* friends for all past kindness, and hope to be remembered soon again with reading and pieces. Mrs. Jennie Agee, Spencer, Va., R. 1, Box 38.

37. I am not well, and get out but very little. I get very lonely when my three oldest children are in school. Is it asking too much to ask for bits of dark colored yarn? Mrs. Harry C. Nelson, Stoneville, N. C.

38. I am 18 years of age. I am in high school, first year. I belong to the ladies' auxiliary at Farner. I would be glad of any good reading. I like Zane Grey's books, also Walter Ben Hare. I would be glad if someone would send me some books, and I would be glad to return the favor

by sending books and magazines in return. I would send the *Good Housekeeping Magazine*. My pastor's name is Rev. Carl Lentell, Farner, Tenn. Ina Witt, Farner, Tenn.

39. I want to thank all who have sent me reading or anything. I will appreciate quilt scraps, and anything for the children: Wiley, aged 12 years; Ruby, aged 10; Robert, 8; Blanche, 5; Carl, 2½. I want my friends to know how much I have appreciated what they have sent me. Mrs. Baxter Neaves, Jefferson, N. C.

40. I want to thank the kind *Cheerful Letter* friends for the nice quilt pieces and reading they have sent. I have four children, three boys and one girl. Mrs. R. B. Taylor, Crumpler, N. C.

41. Here I come, begging for reading again; would like and appreciate it so much. Several years ago I got reading from the *Cheerful Letter* friends, and want to thank them for it. I am the mother of five children, two boys and three girls. They are all little, and they enjoy reading and pictures, too. I will so much appreciate any reading that is sent to me. Mrs. W. C. Clark, Gordon, Ala., R. 1.

42. I am asking for "John Brown," by William Holst, and "Poems of Love and Childhood," by Jean Ingelow; also quilt scraps and thread. I will appreciate any reading sent me. I live with my son, and he has three little girls, nine, five, and three years old. They will be so glad of cards and little books. Mrs. J. W. Simpson, Farmville, Va., R. F. D. 5.

43. I have come to ask if some of the dear ones could remember me with seed for my garden again this year. I want the flowers to sell, for I have no other way to earn anything, so I hope to get the seed. I shall need sweet pea seed, nasturtium seed, baby's breath seed, and I would be glad of gladiolus and dahlia bulbs. I do hope some will remember me. And will you write to me? You can't tell how lonely I am, all alone, and I miss so the dear ones gone. If you want a reply to any letter, please send a stamp, for the way is hard and postage counts up. Would anyone have any cretonne pieces to spare? I shall hope to have a letter from someone, for I get so down-hearted all alone. My trust is in God, and I ask Him to provide for the seed. Esther A. Ford, Winterport, Maine.

44. It has been a long time since I have written to our little paper, so I am coming to say thank you to one and all, who have sent me cheer all these many days of affliction I have been passing through. Some of the time the sun shone bright on my pathway, and sometimes it was all dark; still I praise God because I am still here with my little children. I would be glad to get some scraps for my quilts. I can't work very much now, and it is so much pleasure to have some nice pieces at hand, to sit by the fire and work.

I would like some good reading, too, Christian papers and books.

I surely enjoyed our little *Cheerful Letter* paper; would be sorry to miss even one copy.

We have moved, so I am giving you my old and new address. Please change it from Athens, Texas, R. 1, to Malakoff, Texas, R. 3. Yours with all good wishes, Mrs. Ella Simmons.

45. I ask the *Cheerful Letter* friends to send me reading. I like good stories. I am not able to get around much, and I get blue, as I am alone much of the time. Also would like to get scraps for my quilts. Mrs. David Shinby, Ferrum, Va., R. 3.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Mrs. Ella Simmons, formerly of Athens, Texas, to Malakoff, Texas, R. 3.

Miss Ophelia Collins of Tolar, Texas, has married. Her name and address now are Mrs. Willis Farless, Post, Texas.

Mrs. Cora A. Hoskinson's address now is Three Rivers, Mich., R. 5.

Mrs. L. S. Howell's address is Sturgills, N. C.

NOTICE: No attention will be paid to applications written in lead pencil, unsigned applications, or those without a reference.

THE FIRST BIRD AWAKE

THE first bird awake in the morning sees

The mist, and the pearly dawn

In gray cloak stealing among the trees,

Then the glint on the daisied lawn

Of the dewdrops shimmering one by one

In the rosy light of the rising sun.

The first bird awake in the morning flies

To the top of the chestnut tree,

Announcing, because he is weather-wise,

What kind of a morn it will be.

Then he lifts his head in a song of praise,

For to him all days are delightful days.

—Edith E. Lamb, in

Christian Science Monitor.

"Ah, I wish I could find some place where I could be cut off entirely from the world."

"Try the telephone booth."

A LADY missionary who lived in Hawaii says that servants there refuse to say Mrs. or Mr. A young bride was much shocked at hearing a married friend called "Mary" by her servant, and instructed her husband not to call her by her Christian name except when they were alone. One day she had visitors, and what was her horror when the cook put his head inside the drawing-room door and said, "My love, what vegetable do you want to-day?"

"GOOD HEALTH" NOTES NO. 2

FOOD VALUES

In the subject of Dietetics, the Chemistry of Foods seems of most importance. We realize that calories and nourishment values are not sufficient—that amounts and strength needed vary according as the individual can assimilate, or chemicals are lacking in the body. Scientifically, this depends on the functioning of the "glands," and must be left to experts, but fortunately, it may be simplified for the lay mind into the consideration of food chemically—which is really what "common-sense" has told us, more or less, all along.

We shall consider food now, merely from this point of view, and especially regarding the very young child. So-called *heavy* starches (cereals and breadstuffs) are used sparingly, while milk is increased—the latest word being about a quart a day for children (a pint for adults), though care should be taken that not too much is consumed at a time, for the stomach once stretched by stuffing cannot be rectified. Not more than one glass for a child is wise, and *never* more than two, at any age. If milk may be secured pure, it is richer in vitamins than pasteurized, but the ordinary supply is safer sterilized. The same is true of most foods, as heating destroys, at least partly, the vitamin values. All, however, may not be able to digest raw foods, though many children may gradually become accustomed to them.

One physician, known to the writer, successfully feeds his young children lettuce and mayonnaise (which should be made with lemon juice, never vinegar), though bought dressing is very mild, and may be used, better if thinned with milk or cream (the latter sour, if available). This suggests the anti-toxic value of cottage cheese—uncooked—made by standing in warm room until solid, then left dripping for twenty-four hours in a bag of cheesecloth (just a square, tied up), after which it should be mixed in a bowl with milk or cream, slightly salted. The cream should be removed from container before putting in bag, and afterwards whipped into the cheese, as one beats a cake, very lightly, and higher seasoning may be added for adults.

Iron, so essential for the child's development, is found in raw greens and vegetables in the form which can be instantly utilized, not as in medicines, which have to be transformed to be made usable by the body.

Strangely enough, research has found canned vegetables richer in vitamins than boiled ones—the new process of sealed canning, with food cooked in the tin, preserves what goes into steam and water in boiling.

By the way, *all* water in which vegetables are

cooked should be *used*—not poured down the sink.

It may be put in the perpetual soup bowl all households should possess, to correspond to the French "pot-au-feu" found in peasants' homes, into which all suitable "left-overs" are dumped.

Food is better for being cooked in it, especially potato water, and it should be used for the reheating of food.

Vegetables dropped into a bit of their own saved water, and just brought to a simmer, will have the taste of freshly cooked ones—try it and see!

The value of this for fussy children, who rebel at eating vegetables, is enormous.

Thickening may be added to vegetable stock, or a can of the bought concentrated soup makes variety—for surprises are of great importance in children's diet.

Soup helps prepare the stomach for digestion, though not enough to destroy the appetite should be taken, and a soup such as described turns a light meal into a hearty one. It is especially good for supper, which is generally made too light for children's needs. Vegetable starch and protein are easier to digest than in heavier foods, and those grown under ground contain iron and salts, and are better to serve with meat or its substitutes—eggs, fish, or carrots (which have the same food value as eggs and make a welcome change).

Potatoes are best baked, but, if boiled, always leave the skin on, as the nutritive part lies next to it and is lost in paring.

Recently, the discovery that they have certain vitamins explains why the Irish race thrived so upon them. Riced, with soup stock or honey (the most easily digested form of sugar) poured over, they make a delicious meal.

For very little children, cooked vegetables should be run through the potato ricer to avoid lumps.

Raw fruits, scraped with a knife, and bananas, apples, and prunes (cooked soft), riced are wholesome, as are grape, peach, orange, and raw-tomato juice. If tomatoes are not on hand, canned may be given without cooking, though not to too young children. The particles holding the juice of oranges are difficult to break up, so that whole fruit is not as digestible as the juice, and grapefruit should *never* be given children or invalids.

Foods are "binding" or "loosening," according to the length of time required for digesting them, not because of special ingredients as supposed. For example, oatmeal, being slow of digestion, is the former, while wheat, taking less time, is more easily cared for, which is why it is used oftener than the oats.

White of egg and toast waters are absorbed into the system almost at once, and are used, therefore, in illness for light nourishment.

Starch is, or should be, largely digested in the mouth, as *chewing* draws the juices from the glands.

It is little known that certain foods call out different secretions, which is Nature's way of taking care of them. An acid secretion meets protein foods, and an alkali is produced for acid fruits, etc.—that for milk and liquids, generally, being neutral. If this is understood, it is easy to see why it is better to eat as few articles as possible at a meal. If many foods are mixed, chaos is created in the nervous system which controls these processes.

Mental life has been found profoundly affected by interference with the digestion, which should go on mechanically and unconsciously. Nervous ailments have their source largely in early childhood, due to this cause. Perfect structure plus normal digestion *should* produce a super-race.

(Questions addressed to THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE will be answered—if of general interest, in the health column.)

A MORNING THOUGHT

Be strong,

The way is steep, the way is long;
There is no ending till thy strength shall end—

Be strong,

Be brave,

The night is dark, the goal's the grave:
They need not courage who have hope for friend—

Be brave.

—L. B. Bridgman.

BEGONIAS

THE begonia is native of warm countries of the globe and comprises about five hundred species. They were named after Michel Begon, an enthusiastic French botanist, who was superintendent at St. Domingo about 1638 and who wrote many interesting facts about the different varieties of this plant.

The begonia family is divided into four groups—tuberous-rooted, semi-tuberous, fibrous-rooted and foliage.

The real tuberous-rooted begonia is perhaps the handsomest of all summer-flowering tuberous-rooted plants and deserves greater popularity. Like many of our other bulbs and plants, the tuberous-rooted begonia has been so greatly improved in recent years that size, texture and coloring are really phenomenal, some of the flowers measuring from five to six inches across with colors ranging from purest white and the most delicate tints of pink, yellow and orange to the most intense scarlet and richest crimson.

The flowers come both double and single, and

some are as beautifully frilled as the finest fringed petunias.

They are adapted to semi-shaded porch and window boxes as well as for the beds in shaded spots where the sun-loving plants refuse to grow and bloom.

I have in mind a wide space shaded by the porch on one side and a tree on the other, so that only flickers of sunshine ever reach it, that is greeted by "ohs" of admiration from every passerby—for from early summer until frost the begonias planted there are a mass of gorgeous waxen bloom.

They are of easy culture, asking only a rich soil and plenty of water at all times. Either well-rotted manure or bone-meal can be used as a fertilizer. The tubers can be started for bedding out in a warm room in April or, better still, can be ordered from your florist at that time. He will see that you get thrifty, well-started plants in the color or colors you most admire, in plenty of time to set them out. It is well to trust his judgment, as your plants are not nearly so apt to be nipped by frost.

There is another class of bedding begonias, doing equally well in sun or shade, known as Begonia Semperflorens. The new hybrids surpass both geraniums and coleus as bedding plants. They also do well in pots for winter blooming, growing about a foot high and blossoming so profusely as almost to hide the foliage.

The Rex Begonia, with its immense leaves beautifully zoned and variegated with silver, maroon, pink and grey, make lovely specimen plants for windows where there is little or no sunlight. Combined with ferns you can have an especially attractive window decoration.

We do not grow the tall-growing or tree begonia in our homes as much as we should. A well-grown specimen plant six feet high, with twelve to fifteen immense clusters of rose-pink flowers more than a foot in diameter, each waxen blossom nearly two inches long, against a background of large glossy green leaves, is a sight to be remembered. Among all the varieties of begonias shown at a recent flower show a tree begonia attracted the most attention, vying even with the newer varieties of the Gloire de Lorraine type that are so beautiful at Christmas and Easter time. Why not get acquainted with the begonia family? Ask your florist about them, and try a few plants in your living rooms, sun-room and window boxes, as well as in your garden.—By Caroline Elizabeth Strong.

INSTEAD of the usual column of Births, Marriages and Deaths, one country newspaper had: "Yells, Bells, Knells."

And another read—"Hatched, Matched, Snatched."

A PAGE FOR THE CHILDREN

JIMMIE LEARNS TO MAKE "BISCUIT"

As usual, Jimmie paused as he passed the workroom and gazed in at the half-open door. But to-day, oh, boy! He could stop as long as he liked for he had just delivered his last package. And the thrower himself was at work at his wheel—what good fortune!

Perhaps the potter had noticed Jimmie's eager face before. At any rate, after a few moments he looked across the room and smiled a welcome: "Come in, if you have time. I have to work even if it is Saturday afternoon. And so do you, I guess?"

The alert little errand boy needed no second invitation. In a moment he was at the kindly gray-haired workman's side. "I don't want to bother you—but I have wanted like anything to get close and watch you work. My work is done for the day so I can stay as long as you'll let me."

Fascinated, the boy watched the whirling potter's-wheel and saw the beautiful form of a vase-to-be take shape before his very eyes. "It must be great to make things like that. Do you like to feel it in your hands?"

The man looked at the boy. Something in the words or the tone had arrested his attention. "Feel it? Did you ever work in clay?"

"Oh, no—not real clay. I made things with mud to amuse a little girl who couldn't play with the rest of us. On a farm last year. The Fresh Air Children, you know. Some of the things dried out in the sun, and the little girl said she would keep them always. But of course she can't. They do something to them, in places like this, to make them harder than the sun does, don't they?"

"Want to try a bit of this?" The potter placed a bit of moist clay in the boy's hands and pointed to a board near by.

There was silence in the room for some minutes. The boy was intent upon his own work. He must do his best, he thought, since the man was so nice about letting him try. The potter watched the boy with keen interest.

Either not realizing there were tools in front of him or else not liking to touch them, Jimmie hastily pulled his cheap little knife out of his pocket and used it to scratch some of the clay from the bowl he was building. "Try this modeling tool," suggested the potter, quietly pushing several tools in front of the boy.

By this time Jimmie was so interested in his work that he had forgotten all feeling of shyness. He picked up a tool and tried it. "That's great! I can do better with that. I used the corner of an old harness buckle down on the farm to get this smooth in here"—pointing to the curving rim.

The wheel was whirring, but 50 years of it had permitted its operator to use his eyes elsewhere. An eager light came into the blue kindness of them. But the boy did not look up.

"Now—is that good enough?" he inquired at length.

"Yes, indeed," said Mr. Wagner—by this time Jimmie had learned his name—"I think you have a very marked gift for this work. I have nine children, and not one could make a bowl as good as this. We will fire it and see how it comes out."

"You really think it's good enough to bake!" There was almost awe in Jimmie's tone.

Mr. Wagner smiled encouragingly again. "Come with me and let's see where it will be 'baked.' By the way, after the first baking the clay is called "biscuit"? It is a French word and means "twice baked." We don't, as a rule, associate hardness with good biscuit, do we? But that is what we want when we bake pottery biscuit.

They went through the doors into the part where visitors were rarely permitted—the kilns and the glazing rooms.

There were bags of the clay. "We get some from England, and some from various markets in this country," explained the potter. "It is broken up, dried in the sun, and cleaned by washing in water. Then it is sieved several times. When it is ready for the modifying elements (every pottery has its own secrets, you know) it is all like thick cream. In that form it is called 'slip.' It is forced through a series of straining bags till it is stiff enough to work. Then it is wedged—a kneading process to break air bubbles—and then it is ready for the thrower."

"That's what you are, a thrower, isn't it?" asked Jimmie. "But I have seen other people here making things without a wheel."

"I have used a wheel for 50 years. The big manufacturers are dispensing with handthrowers somewhat, and we are becoming scarce. But sometimes it seems in a man to handle the clay, and he finds himself willing to spend years of hard practicing until he can use the wheel expertly. Perhaps you will?"

"I wish I could work here out of school," said Jimmie, wistfully.

"Perhaps you can. Now let us see what happens to the pots.

"This is one of the kilns. You can stack 2,000 pieces in here. Whether built up by hand with coils, by means of moulds, on the wheel, or by whatever method, they are finished in the same way, after a few days of drying in these cupboards. See this little place? We watch the

ring through this peek-hole. Air would crack the pottery if a draught got in. Yet we have to watch it. See, each piece is arranged so that it does not touch its neighbor, and so that the heat can get to it evenly. It is several days before the pieces are fired and cooled and the door is opened again."

"It must be exciting to open the door and see how they look," said Jimmie. "May I be here some time when the doors come open?"

"Yes, indeed. We rarely allow visitors, but perhaps by then you won't be exactly a visitor. We need just the right kind of boy here I believe. I will see my employer—a lady, by the way. She is famous all over the world for her designs, and glazes, and especially for her tiles.

"Now, here is where the pieces are glazed. Sometimes it is sprayed on, sometimes it is painted on, sometimes the article is dipped into it. But it is all called 'glazing.'"

"I don't see any like the ones upstairs," remarked Jimmie; "are they glazed somewhere else?"

The question seemed to please Mr. Wagner. "You are observing. But you don't guess yet what the glazes change in appearance in the kiln after they receive their second firing. Now look there," and he pointed to several quite dingy daubs of color which someone had evidently been trying out on dabs of clay. "Sometimes we put two colors on, and that gives the iridescent effect. Much of a pottery's mystery lies in the glazing room. Most potteries do not allow visitors near the glazers. That is only fair.

"But I must get back to my wheel. We are behind in our orders and I am helping out by working overtime. We can talk as we work, you know."

* * *

Some weeks afterward Jimmie might have been seen, very much at home, in the famous pottery, eagerly doing his best to further its progress by being a very efficient errand boy and handy-man, and learning—learning—learning.—*Christian Science Monitor.*

WHEN you reach the mountain-top, wig-wag courage to the fellow in the foot-hills.

VIVID, VOLUBLE PEOPLE

TAKE the train in Calcutta in the afternoon and keep your eyes open and you will begin to see India. The first part of the journey is charming. You go for some hours by shining waters, with rocky mountains rising like Dolomites on your right, and then pass into a richly-wooded country where in mid-winter all the leaves are on the trees and glow with what seem

to be autumnal colours. When you wake in the morning you are out on the great central plain of India, and for the next thirty hours you will be travelling along it with scarcely a hill or a knoll to right or left the whole way. As landscape it has a peculiar charm. The trees are large and of great variety, and their deep greens are beautifully relieved against the pale brown background. Palms, bananas and sugar-cane give the tropical touch. Every inch of ground seems to be cultivated somehow, and large spaces are covered with the square compartments of the paddy-fields, in which the rice is coming up. There are quantities of birds—storks, cranes, kites, vultures and innumerable crows, and many others, smaller and larger, flashing all colours in the sunlight.

The dominant impressions are of enormous distances and swarming population. No other country that I have travelled in gives you the same sense of population as India. I have lately journeyed hundreds of miles across the plateau of Asia Minor, and for miles together scarcely seen a human being or a human habitation. Similarly, in large spaces of the United States and Canada you go for scores of miles without seeing a living being or a house. In India—at least in the plains—you cannot look out of a railway carriage window anywhere without seeing people. In the day you see them working in the fields—men, women and children together; in the evening setting toward the villages in single file with the bullock-carts accompanying. About every two miles there is a village, generally a close-packed group of mud houses with thatched or corrugated iron roofs, and a pleasant greenery about it. Near the villages are large tanks or ponds with—generally—half a dozen bathers splashing about in them, and to all appearance enjoying themselves hugely. All the children seem to be able to swim, and they shout lustily and wave to the train as it passes.

Every railway station, even the smallest, is thronged with people, vivid, voluble people, who keep up an endless chatter. You might suppose a riot on foot, but they are merely discussing their family affairs in their normal tones of voice. It is a perennial puzzle to you what these people are doing, and why so many more of them wish to travel in railway trains than the peoples of other countries. One explanation of the crowds is that they go hours—sometimes a whole day—before their train comes in, and entire families may thus be seen camping on the platform and patiently taking their meals until it arrives. Anyhow, these stations with their throngs of people are a fascinating sight. . . . They have come in their best and their garments are of orange and rose-colour and bright blues and deep reds, all flaming and glittering in the sun.—*J. A. Spender, in The Changing East.*

IF YOU WILL BE PATIENT

(A Fable)

THE flint on being struck by the steel marveled greatly, and said to it in a stern voice, "What arrogance prompts you to annoy me? Trouble me not, for you have chosen me by mistake; I have never done harm to anyone." To which the steel made answer, "If you will be patient you will see what a marvelous result will issue forth from you." At these words the flint was pacified and patiently endured its martyrdom, and it saw itself give birth to the marvelous element of fire which by its potency became a factor in innumerable things.

This is said for those who are dismayed at the outset of their studies, and then set out to gain the mastery over themselves and in patience to apply themselves continuously to these studies, from which one sees result things marvelous to relate.—*From Leonardo da Vinci's Notebooks, translated by Edward McCurdy.*

THE THOUGHT OF GOD

ONE thought I have, my ample creed,
So deep it is and broad,
And equal to my every need,
It is the thought of God.

Each morn unfolds some fresh surprise,
I feast at life's full board;
And rising in my inner skies,
Shines forth the thought of God.

At night my gladness is my prayer;
I drop my daily load,
And every care is pillowed there
Upon the thought of God.

I ask not far before to see,
But take in trust my road;
Life, death, and immortality
Are in my thought of God.

—*Rev. F. L. Hosmer.*

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

ITS PURPOSE

To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, through the exchange of letters and by gifts of books and magazines.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To give to those living far from church some of the helps which churches give. One good sermon or similar article is printed in each number. These sermons are never doctrinal, but present only such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed on by all churches.

WHERE TO WRITE

1. *Letters paying for subscriptions to the paper*, fifty cents a year, should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 16 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks or postal orders should be made payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

2. *Letters asking for correspondents* should be sent to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount West, Quincy, Mass.

3. *Letters asking for books, magazines, cards, etc.*, also letters offering to give books and magazines should be sent to Mrs. Henry R. Austin, 100 Elm Ave., Wollaston, Mass.

4. *Letters asking for help in studying at home* should be sent to Mrs. George O. Sands, Brimley Ave., North Beverly, Mass.

The Home Study Committee has on hand a variety of schoolbooks which may be used by students either at home or in the schoolroom. The aim of the teachers is to help in any study where help is needed. Often this may fit a person for a higher grade of work.

5. *Letters about the establishment of Circulating Libraries* should be sent to Mrs. H. A. Stevens, John St., Brookline, Mass.

A Circulating Library will be started in any small community needing one, if proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references can be given. One hundred and fifty-nine libraries are now on our lists.

6. The Secretary of the Cheerful Letter Exchange, Miss Ethel L. Hersey, Hingham, Mass., should receive the more general correspondence from workers on the local committees, or from others interested in the organization and its methods.